

GEN LAW THE HERO OF THOROUGHFARE

New Light Thrown on This Important Event By a Letter From Col. Cussons.

LONGSTREET'S MEMORY POOR

Failed to Record the Splendid Work of Men Who Made Possible the Result of Manassas.

By John W. Daniel.

Colonel John Cussons, of Glen Allen, is a typical representative man of "the tight little Island" that has sent forth its conquering spirits to the ends of the earth. Throughout the Confederate war, and in many scenes of adventure he wore under his gray coat, next to his heart, the "Lincoln Green," the badge of his maturity in Lincolnshire, England, Far West adventures he learned from the sons of the forest, the prairie and the desert, those astute methods of war which lie at the base of all military science. By instinct a Confederate , and by adoption a Virginian, he found gental companionship Virginian, he found genial companionship amongst the braves of the Army of North-ern Virginia, and performed rare deeds of "high comprize," which, were then written out with a Hugo's pen, would complete a quartette of which Porthos, Athos and Avamis are aiready members.

Colonel and Confederate veteran scout,

Colonel and Confederate veteran geomi-sharpshooter and soldier of the line, a captive who walked coolly out of prison; a sleuth upon the trail, or a leader of the forlorn hope, as occasion suggested; quiet farmer, combing the wilderness into beauty around him, with park, orchard tery," with brilliant and trenchant pen; business man, creating a publishing enterprise in the lovely country side that found its custamers all over the world. John Cussons is a character as solid as he is pleturesque; as sallent as he is modest; as full of poetry, as he is faithful to fact, and as full of fight as he is peaceful and gentle.

Sergeant Fat, Cleburne, of the British army, might have been flung in a trench among "the unknown dead" had he stuyed there, but his genius rose to the leight of the great argument, and

derate war until he fell leading his upon the ramparts of Franklin in assault. Had propitious fortune John Cussons to the martial rank hich nature designed him, he, too, have worn the general's wreath. up, but, it might have laid like Cle-suporr a soider's bler. It was only a star he wore-a major's star-in the great battles of Northern Virginia, but that star shone with a radiant light wherever danger challenged, or honor wave its imperious spell.

By my request this splendid soldier and soldier are supported by the world in the spread of the special spec

ble, generous gentleman, has written

the paper which follows:

It tells the story of the passage of "Thoroughfare Gap" in the Buil Run ed with anxious heart the coming of Lee and Longstreet. It sheds light on a most critical conjuncture, and it invites further investigation of that slow procedure when the column of the first corps so sluggishly advanced, when wings

corps so sluggishly advanced, when wings were wanted to expedite it.

We know how Jackson kept his gaze turned in the direction of the relief anticipated when the balances were trembling in the scale of battle's fortune, and we know how desirous Lee was that the First Corps should go on as soon as it got in line in the field the afternoon of

we know how desirous Lee was that the First Corps should go on as soon as it got in line in the field the afternoon of August 29th.

Colonel Cusson said and marveled at the slow delay, and he, "the spear point" of Law's Brigade did his part efficiently, and successfully to overcome impediments, and clear the way to Jackson's succor.

The late Dr. Hunter Maguire used to delight to tell his comrades of the scene he witnessed when at last Longstreet was a procaching, how John Cussons galloping up to Jackson, drawing his long sword, and sweeping it down to "present arms," in saluting the chief, told him the news that Longstreet was at hand; and how Jackson in Intense feeling piled him with Jackson in Intense feeling piled him with Janes of the Intense of the scene feeling piled him with Jackson in Intense feeling piled him with that Longstreet was at hand; and how Jackson in Intense feeling plied him with questions, and then issued without orders—ignoring all the formalities and courtesies which are wont to such an occasion. But I am writing too long a prelade to Colonel Cussons's story, for which I am much indebted to his kindness, and so I stop here and introduce him, as he starts forth from Thoroughtare Gap on the morning of August 29, 182, "to find or make his way to Jackson," and let him know that the Gap was open, and that Lee and Longstreet were on the road to the rescue.

JHN W. DANIEL.

COLONEL CUSSONS'S LETTER.
Hon, John W. Daniel, Washington, D. S., My Dear Senator—At dawn on the morning of August 29, 1822 I was firected by General Law to Take the scotts and sharpshooters who had scaled the mountain and open communication with Jackson. I was not to seek an action or sneumber myself with prisoners, but to press forward, with the soind of the guns for my guide.

A point of instruction from General Longstreet placed Jackson south of the Warrenton turnpike, but on reaching Haymarket I found Rickettis's trail hearing that way, toward Gainesville, so I that Longstreet was at hand; and how Jackson in intense feeling plied him with

On rising ground south of the foat-there frequently appeared pairols of cav-alry, and occasionally a recondor-ring party of some strength. This presented a sore templation to my fellows, who longed for an ambuscade or a chance of turning themselves into mounted infan-try. There were barrely a hundred of turning themselves into mounted interpy. There were barely a hundred of them, but they were of the right kindmen of nerve and skill and daring; men of initiative, enterprising and self-reliant; adventurous youths who carried into war the spirit of the chase; huntsmen, marksmen, foresters, deer-stalkers; men cradled in the saddle and familiar from boyhood with specified life.

in the saddle and familiar from boyhood with woodland life.

My task, however, was to find Jackson, and to lose no time about it.

So I swept along the fringe of broken country lying back from the open road, neither attacking nor being attacked by the prowling bands which infested the hills and valleys on the southward side of the transite.

of the turnplke.
METHOD OF MATTO-NUMPA. METHOD OF MATTO-NUMPA.
What I most apprehended was an ambuscade of Jessie Scouts, so I took a formation which was taught me five and formation which was taught me five and forty years e.g., and which renders a surprise impossible. My instructor, by the way, was Matto-Nunpa, a naffve American, who subsequently tried conclusions with a certain George A. Custer in the lonely Valley of the Rosebud.

Do you care to know the method, Senator? It is very simple, and on many occasions it has served me well.

You throw forward a single line, with an interval of 170 to 200 yards between your men. In that way ten men will

and perfect. The leader fields his appointed course, head up and with swinging stride, climbing the helights, plunging through the thickets, penetrating every hiding place that les within rifle shot of your march. Of course, your leader may be entrapped easily enough, although even that is of rare occurrence, and at worst you have sprung the ambuscade at cost of a single man.

You will note that the march is made at a lively pace, four miles or more an hour-no hulting, no creeping, no field-glassing, no shelling the woods, but every fellow forming forward as though glory forms forward as though glory

spire and enthuse them all.
Senator, it is not so with us. Let
man lead a desperate charge or head

it that we try to assuage our gflef with talk of a monument.
That was not Matto-Numpa's way.
True, he was a heathen and a savage, but he would have worshipped such fellow as Turner Ashly, and I tell you he would have kept him out of battle twelve moons in the year, even though he had had to rip his garment into throngs to bind him.

IN SIGHT OF BATTLE

Well, we swung along in that wa until from rising ground we could defin eyes as we passed. It was all right. He was one of Jackson's couriers, and I knew him.

A DIALOGUE WITH JACKSON. As 1 pulled up the staff and courier halted and Jackson alone rode forward His features were working, and without ceremony or salute I yelled, "Longstreet's through the Gap, and I recken at Hay-

"Who heads the column?" were Stonewall's first words, "Hoad's Division, General; those gal-

five minutes or more. It seemed an interminable time to me. And then that foremost soldier of the age slowly raised his face, and as I looked into his eyes all my resentment ded away, and from that moment: have loyed him. His manner, his mood, his whole appearance had changed. His gaze was steadfast, but no longer stern. There was something of authority in his mich—there, was always that—bit there was pathos, too. The square jaw, the gloomy brow, the firm lips, must have been there, but I did not see them. His eyes were moist, his volce low and musical. He asked many questions about our march, its delays, the passage of the gap, the soverly of the nation there, the condition of the troops the number of Federals at the Pass, and the route they had probably taken. He alluded to my method of handling flankers and asked if I was familiar with Indian warfare. And with deep feeling he spoke of the biter combat of last night—a struggle in which so many of his own old command had fallen—the men who myear before on that same field, where they had turned the tide of buttle, had made inmortal this two simple words, "stone wall,"

Its officers told me later that for three days and nights he had searcely slept. From the day of his detachment

His officers told me later that for three days and nights he had scarcely slept. From the day of his detachment he had been perplexing Pope by incessant maneuvers, now offering hattle, now dudling—at one moment holding the fords of Bull Run, and in an hour disappearing as though the earth had swallowed him—now concentrating his adversary at Manassas, and amon hurling him northward under Pope's frantic orders—orders inspired by his own daring feint on Washington.

LONGSTREEFTS COMING AND ITS

orders—orders inspired by his own daring feint on Washington:

LONGSTREEFT'S COMING AND ITS OPPORTUNITY.

The spot on which I found Jackson was at the foot of Stony Ridge, a little cast of Page's Lane, and barely a mile north of the Warrenton Road. In a word, it was a good mile, nearly due west of the little village of Groveton.

Jackson himself gave me the time—"nine o'clock"—but that must have been something like ten or twelve minutes after the moment of our meeting.

About half an hour later—that is, about half-past nine, a courier from Stuart galloped up with the cry that the head of Longstreet's column was at Gainsville. Soon after that written dispatches came in, and by half-past ten a thin line of flankers came into view, supported by skirmishers with their base on the Warrenton Turnpike. This proved to be the advance guard of Hood's Division, commanded by Lleutenant-Colonel Upton, of the Fifth Texas.

By 12 noon the division was in line of heatly Hoof's bright on the right

vision, commanded by Lieutenant-tononel Upton, of the Fifth Texas.

By 12 noon the division was in line
of battle, Hoed's brigade on the right
and Law's brigade on the left of the
Warrenton Road. General Law's loft extended to within half a mile of Stonewall's right, and this break was soon
afterward supported, though not occupied by Wilcex's three brigades, which
had come up from the Hopewell Pass.

As we looked toward the west, dense
clouds of dust obscured the turnpike, yet
we could see Longstreet's columns swinging off to their right and deploying into
line of battle. This brought them direct
ly on Pope's finak—which was in the
air—and some of us are still wondering,
why General Longstreet did not then
and there spring forward his long lines
and envelop the enemy's left and rear.
PIVOT OF CAMPAIGN AT THOROUGHFARE GAP.

and envelop the enemy's left had reamPIVOT OF CAMPAIGN AT THOROUGHFARE GAP.

But Senator, the fate of that campaign
plvoted not at all on the Groveton coalition, but on the passage of Buil Run
Mountain at Thoroughfare Gap.

That is a strange story—not yet told.

And the military writer of the future
will have a strange task when he shall
attempt to sift and reconcile the strange
accounts on that subject which stand
to-day as accepted history.

Early in the afternoon of the 28th,
the Federal general, Rickotts, took position on the castern side of the gorge.
Ricketts had four brigades of infantry,
two brigades of cavalry and six batterles of artillery—an army of ten thousand seasoned soldlers, whose sole duly
was to hold the pass against Longstreet's
approach. That rugged eleft through the
mountain was unassallable. The hand
of nature never shaped a sallyport more
fearsome, more impenetrable, and yet e, more impenetrable, and yet Ricketts suddenly abandoned it a battle and without apparent

Then it was set forth, and is still believed, that General Lee rushed a column
through Hopewell Pass and thus turned
the Federal right, but investigation will
show that the Hopewell detachment—
Wilcox's division—did it approach within
five miles of him, neither did, it emerge
from its mountain fastness until Thoroughfare had been irelinguished.
Indeed, for so small a force to have
gone forth unsupported on the Federal
side of the mountain would have been
criminally perilons. No such move was
contemplated. The real object in seizing Hopewell was to have an alternate
base for forcing a passage by the main
striny.

army.

LONGSTREET'S ERRONEOUS ACCOUNT.

In fullness of time—that is twenty-three years after the war—General Longstreet, in "Battles and Leaders." Vol. II, pp. 412in "Battles and Leaders." Vol. II, pp. 412-526, lengthily and deliberately recounted the facts—as he understood them—and his utterances on doubtful questions are now regarded by many as final. Certain it is that some of the highest addhor-ties follow him with unfaltering fidelity. Even so able a military writer as Hen-derson accepts his later account of that vital incident with unquestioning faith; as also does that most careful and dill-gent of annalists, John Codman Ropes.

on page 517. B. and L., Vol. H. General Longstreet stales, that, he arrived at Thoroughfare Can 'lust before night.' But General an extreet stales, that, he arrived at Thoroughfare Can 'lust before night.' But General an extreet is mistaken. His memory at the state of the state of the stale of the stale

utes. The Confederate army was then at the The Confederate army was then at the crisis of its fate. Its several wings must be swiftly requilted or Stonewall Jackson and his command must perish, and the campaign must end in direct disaster.

stantly asked or rather demanded, with curt insolence: "Who follows thood".

And I answered, mildly, I hope, but with my blood boiling: "General Jackson, if you will recall the fact that the feen, if you will recall the fact that the Texas Division, under its present organization has "ut two brigades, exclusive of the Hampton Legion, and that, as I have already stated, the Texas Brigade is in advance. I do not see how we can well ready stated, the Texas Brigade is in advance. I do not see how we can well escape the inference, &c., &c., &c."

But before I had uttered five words back back of the staff with "Put Law's right on the pike, his left here."

If if No need to say "gallon" to that one, for he was off like a shaft of light, and I sat there mumbling over my point of losic, and staring into the shocked faces of the staff, and wondering in a half-reckless way whether old Stonewall would prefer to hang or shoot me.

But he simply crossed his wrists on the back of his hands, and went to sleep.

I sat there waiting to be dismissed or disposed of in same way, and trying to think that he looked just about as about as about as I really felt.

This situation must have continued for

lieving distance, and must adopt prompt and vigorous measures that would burst through all opposition.

"Three miles (it should be five miles) north was Hopewell Gap, and it was necessary to get possession of this in advance of the Federals in order to have that vanings ground for flank movement, at the same time that we forced our way by feolphits over the mountain heighls at Thoroughfare Gap. During the night I sent Wilcox with three brigandes to Hopewell, while Hood was cimbles over the mountain at Thoroughfare by a trail."

If we rend General Longstreet's official report in connection with his "Battles and Lenders" article, and his account as given in "honessans to Appoint and the series of the summary of the history of the resulting the helicy of the first without pressure and, fortunately for us, left the Pass ungunited. Latter he accepted the Hopewell theory, but finally satisfed down to the conviction that Hood's Division scaled the mountain and won the Pass.

I have already said that the Hopewell detachment had no bearing on the action, and I now state that, with the exception of a hundred shar, which is proposed and climbed the western the and all the disobedient sharpshoters went on. All the rest field through the Pass.

RICKLOTITES AND POPE'S ACCOUNTS General Ricketts has no report, but in his Fift John Porter testimony, R. R., P. 216, series I, vol. 12, says: 'I retired from the Gap just after dark on the 28th. I rested my division that night between the mountain. General Law's brigated from the Gap just after dark on the 28th. I rested my division that night between Haymarket and Gainsville, and at dawn in marched to Manassas Junction. I left Thoroughfare dark on the 28th. I rested my division that night between Haymarket and Gainsville, and at dawn in marched to Manassas Junction. I left Thoroughfare because the enemy was turning my flank, and I left Gainsville because General King sent me word that he was retiring toward Lianassa; that was all.'

Now let us return to General pope's report, as pu

cits had fallen back from Thoroughfare Gap "after offering ineffectual resistance," and that "an immediate change was necessary in the disposition of my troops."

Later on, General Pone expounts his grievances more fully. He says he "was compelled either to abandon the Rapanhanneck or risk the loss of Washington." The railrond had been torn upand bridges burned. Hooker was cut of ammunition. Porter "neither obeyed nor attempted to obey orders," but said "his men were tired and the night was dark and there was a wagon train in the way." General McDowell failed to support King's division at Groveton because "he wanted to tell me about the country, and he supposed me to be at Manaseas, whereas I had left for Ceat "ev'ile, to he started back, but lost his way in the woods, and there was there's, an o ore to give orders to Sigel and Reynolds," etc., e

own devices, acts in his accus

not know that his own troops won the Pass at twilight on the 28th or that a full the Pass at twilight on the 28th or that a full the of his troops becomed on the Pass at twilight on the 28th or that a full the pass and the pass and the pass and the Eleventh Alashama, the Second and Eleventh Alashama, the Eleventh Alashama and reason and capitalis and man and Reilly. The officer comparison was Major Frobel and Capitalis Alashama and Reilly. The officer who really won that pass and saved the Law, who ought to be required in the interest of truthful historical the second the full and exact faces. This letter has hightened beyond all reason. Senator, yet I cannot leave the subject without asking three for four simple questions:

1. Why is not General Ricketis's Thoroughfare Report in the records?

2. Why is It that no copy of that report can anywhere be found?

3. Why is It that no copy of that report can anywhere be found?

4. Why is It that no copy of that report can anywhere be found?

5. Why is It that no copy of the winds in the ready of the pass of th

LAST FIGHT OF FIRST RICHMOND HOWITZERS'

pany played in the last acts of the drama retreat, after getting as far as Amelia road of the army in order to secure the artillery and horses, and proceeded by a artillery and norses, and proceeded by an innor parallel road under General Walker. According to my memory about eighty places of artillery. Being on an inner real line, and not encountering the enemy in the way, we got ahead of Lee's main army, and passed through Appomattox Courthouse about noon on Saturday, April 2014, and appear to the court of the co crmy, and passed through Apponantox Courthouse about noon on Saturday, April 8th, and about two or three o'clock in the afternoon, we parked very close to Appomatiox Station on the Norfolk and Western Stations, tired and hungry, Rations, for the second time after leaving the Elchmond lines, were issued to us, and some were cooking and some had cooked and were eating ravenously, when the cry of "fight" was heard, No. 4, referred to by Todd, was my gun, and it was on the extreme left of the parked artillery. It is, therefore, of this gun and its men that I particularly write. We had cooked our meal in the front of our gun and were eating in the shade of the grove there, and were taking our lost "sop" into the fried meat grease, with our brankets and olicoths, spread on the ground, when nearly all of No. 4's men fumped up, and ran up the hill, Saying incre is a fight on the hill. Thinking myself it was only a fisticus, I continued to sop, when Lieutenant D. S. McCarthy called to me to come and help him unmyself it was only a fisticuff, I continued to sol, when Licutenant D. S. McCarthy called to me to come and help him unimoer the No. 4, saying the "Yankees are on us." The fourth was his gun, and I was a supernumerary. I immediately took in the situation, and seeing the licutenant alone, hastened to his help, and we two got the gun unlimbered, and into position just in time for the men, who had hurried back, began to load and fire. The horses were tied to the wheel, and it was my part to take them off a short distance of only a few yards. Todd is correct on the three charges of the troopers, it understood they were Custer's men and diamounted with sixteen fire guns.) Our artillery repulsed each charge, though I helieve the rec. a is that a whole division were charging us. We had neither calvary nor infantry to support us; but, fortunately, we were in a sort of semi-circle, with about eighty guns in all the tommand. I do not know how many were eggaged.

If the stage bounds from the leasth, they dank the stage bounds from the leasth they dank the stage bounds from the leasth they dank the stage bounds from the leasth they dank the stage bounds from the stage bounds from

ones spenk, and confirm or correct these No. 4. First Company, Relational Tiew-lizers. Chester, Va., July 12th, 19-5.

An English Confederate.

An English Confederate.

(By Henry T. Louthan, Adjutant Magnuder-Ewell Camp, S. C. V. Williamsburg, Va.)

The lines below were written by Private James G. B. Grofton, of Company B, Third Virginia Cavairy, General Fitz Lee's Brigade, on the night after the battle of Rolleysville, Va., March 17, 1863. James Crofton was a captain in the Sixtenth Lancers, Queen's Guaid, a veteran of the Crimean War and a survivor of Corrigan's Light Brigade at Balaklava. Crofton's wife and two sons were massancred, near Lucknow during the Sepoy insurection, and after that he seemed to court death. He resigned from the English army and came to Virginia and enlisted in Company B, known as the Old Dominion Dragoons, then commanded by Captain J. C. Phillips, aferwards colonel of the Thirteeath Virginia Cavairy.

Captain Jesse S, Jones, now of Hampton, Va., was the last captain of this company. Private Robert Curtis, of this company, is now sherlif of Elizabeth City county. Va. Mr. R. T. Armistead, an attorney at law, of Williamsburg, Va., who was in the battle of Kolleysville, and whose commenship with James Crofton was very close, repeated this poem to me from memory.

"The bonny blue flag alluded to in the poem is the flag of Virginia, the Third Regiment having lost her stand of colors until the regiment gaptured a hattery of artillery, which at that tima it had not done. It did capture two guns at the battle of Winchester, and conlinured to fight so well that their gallant Fitz, gave them their colors "Without the big guns."

THE BATTLE OF KELLEYSVILLE.

THE BATTLE OF KELLEYSVILLE.

THE EATTLE OF KELLEYSVILLE.

(March 17, 1863.)

By James George B. Crofton.

On the soil of Virginia, sweet land of our birth.

C ca again we have met the proud foe.

And despite of his numbers, whose proud steeds shook the earth.

His standard again we have hald low.

Alasi we must weep our comrades' dark sleep.

sleep.

But 'ils uscless their loss to deplore;
Those hearts brave and true we now
swear anew
To avenge 'mid the next' conflict's roar.

Through Kelleysville's pinin at the dawn

of the day
The hosts of the despot advanced,
But little reck'd of his frowning array.
Or his sabre's menacing glance,
Though our numbers were few, we had
hearts stout and true.
That could fight, though we were ragged and rough;

ged and rough:
And we soon let them see
We were headed by Lee and Stuart,
whose names were enough.

'Twas not long ere the roar of the conflict began.

Shot and shell flew in showers about;
Tis useless to tell you their cavairy ran,
When we charged with a patriot shout!
The Yankee, 'tis strange,
Though he'll fisht at long range,
Behind every available wall,
He don't like to feel
The true Southern steel,
Nor admire close quarters at all.

In vain did they strive, in their impoten

In vain did they strive, in their impotents hate.
To lear down our standard, so true!
But the *bonny thue flag still gloriously wayed
'Mid the ranks of her heroes, tho' few.
Though the shells' whistling sound.
Spread destruction around.
Such as well might the bravest appail;
Tel Slowart's dark plume
Through the fight's murky gloom,
Wayed a fierce deflance to all.

Waved a fierce deflance to all.

At length, with a shout, clear and wild, through the field.
All together we charged them again;
When suddenly firing, home backward they recled.
Their boasted advance was in vain.
Hotly pressed the retreat.
While the music, so sweet,
Of our sharpshooters' rifles rang clear;
Excorting them back
On their rearward track,
As the dark shades of evening appear.

Now a song and a cheer for our gallant

Now a song and a cheer for our garantees brigade,
Whose barels so nobly they've carned;
Whose bright, gleaming sabres so often,
'tis said.
The tide of the battle has turned.
And often may we.
With our gallant Friz Lee,
Meet the braggart invader again;
And we'll teach him we night
For our ladles, so bright.
And to conquer us shall be in valu.

Truth About Japanese Gardening.

Anoth About Japanese Gardening.

Adach Kinnosuke writes in The Country Calendar:

Many a wise man from aborca has said of the pictorial artists, as well as a property of the pictorial artists, as well as a property of the masters of landscape kardening in Nippon that the one master to whom the pictorial artists, as well as the property of the masters of landscape kardening in Nippon, that the one master to whom the pictorial artists are so to be. The landscape girdener in Nippon, like all our artists, serves two masters—nature and his own personality. With us the mere copy of nature is little better than a caricature of a good and great thing; natural scenery should be seen and appreciated in list original state as the gods had left, if on the canvas of their own choosius, on the same ground that you should never see a counterfeit of a masterplece or



will enable you to transact the greater part of your business without leaving your desk, it saves time and money Try it. Our rates are reasonable. Call telephone No. 3011.

> Southern Bell Telephone and

> Telegraph Co.,



Merit

The Kodak Department

is repicte with everything that fills the amateur with Joy. Our developing and printing is recognized as the acms of pho-tographic art. Free dark room and instruc-tion. Mall orders receive prompt attention.

THE S. GALESKI OPTICAL CO.,

More Than Your Money's Worth.

your places of business you can keep your employes awake during the hot and sluggish hours of the day. If they are allowed to swelter you will get less than half of their working capacity out of

them. We have every make of fan at wide range of prices.

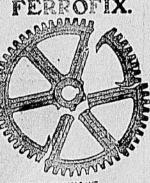
Phone 658.

Electric Construction Co. of Virginia,

8-10-12 S. Ninth Street.

There Is No Known Way

of making broken castings as strong as new except with



CAMERON-TENNANT MACHINE WORKS. Phone 1186, 2404-2408 E. Main Street.

USE Richmond Cedar Works Steam Dried Kindling Wood

Kindling Wood, per half cord .. \$1.50 Pine Cord Wood, per half cord. \$3.00 Maple Cord Wood, per half cord. \$3.00 Haif kindling and haif cord wood, per haif cord......\$2.25 'Phone 4537.

RICHMOND DAIRY CO.

MILK, CREAM, BUTTER

AND ICE CREAM,